

# HECTOR'S HERALD®

July, August, September 2019



NEWS OF CLAN MACLAINE OF LOCHBUIE - FAMILIES OF MACLAINE & MACLEAN, SEPTS & FOLLOWERS  
OF HECTOR THE ASTUTE (EACHAINN REAGANACH) SENIOR LINEAGE OF IAIN DUBH MAC GILLEAN

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For Communications with  
the Editor of

## **"Hector's Herald"**

All communications related to  
the clan newsletter should be to  
the email address below.

Please submit articles in  
MSWord or PDF format and  
photographs in JPG. Please  
send as attachments to your  
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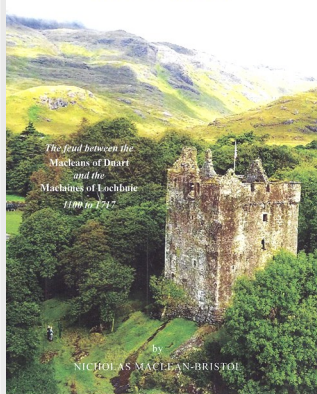
## ***EXCITING NEWS***

***Arabella Rose MacLaine***

**Born on Friday, 13th September,  
to Angus and Nina MacLaine.  
A bonny baby in good heath,  
The grandparents are delighted.**

***We all rejoice with you!***

## **ONE CLAN OR TWO?**



## **Learn the True History of MacLaine of Lochbuie**

This work, published by Nicholas Mac-  
lean-Bristol is available for \$34.99 (US)  
per copy, at Amazon.

***A MUST FOR ALL CLAN MEMBERS***

***ONE CLAN OR TWO?  
The Feud between the MacLaines of  
Lochbuie and the Macleans of Duart.***

## Jim Corbett's Podcast

*By Neill MacLaine, Clan Genealogist*

Jim Corbett is the present owner of Lochbuie. Back in May 2019 he was interviewed for the Series, 'What We Do In The Winter'. Jim is a "mind of information" on all things related to Lochbuie and in particular the history over the last 100 years. In the Podcast he covers a whole range of topics that should be of interest to all Clan Members.



*Jim Corbett*

When you have a quiet hour to spare it is highly recommended to listen to the Podcast which is available by typing the below link into your web browser:

<https://whatwedointhewinter.com/2019/05/11/28-jim-corbett/>

## Articles Needed!

If you have:

*Family Stories*

*Family Announcements or Pictures*

*Historical Information*

*Clan Events or Clan Reports*

Please write them and send to:  
**hectors.herald@gmail.com**

## Clan MacLaine's Got Talent CATRIONA MACLAINE

Catriona MacLaine is a multi-talented lady. Not only is she a busy artist with several successful exhibitions under her belt, she is also the owner of a café and author of at least one published cookbook on the subject of French cuisine.



*Catriona at one of her exhibitions and busy at work*

Catriona paints powerful, bold, brightly coloured, vibrant, eye-catching, often theatrical and often sexy scenes. Her imagery is always full of rich detailing that draws the viewer in to dwell and enjoy closer inspection. Experts might refer to her style as "surrealist", "symbolist" or "primitive". Below is a selection of just four of her works from one of her more burlesque exhibitions: 'The Ringmaster's Sidekicks', 'The Sentinels', 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Lazy Sussan':





Images courtesy of Art Web

The publicity associated to the exhibition read as follows:

*"LAUNCESTON artist Catriona Maclaine does not shy away from expressing what's on her mind. Her latest exhibition, Breasts, Burlesque and Others, opened yesterday at the Mill Art Gallery in Launceston. Maclaine said the works in her fourth exhibition were reflective of her life and opinions.*

*"While the works are a mix of things, in a previous life I was moving with the sideshow circuit, so those motifs and imagery are there," she said.*

*"Burlesque comes into my work because underneath the glitz and glamour there is a dark side . . . I like that juxtaposition."*

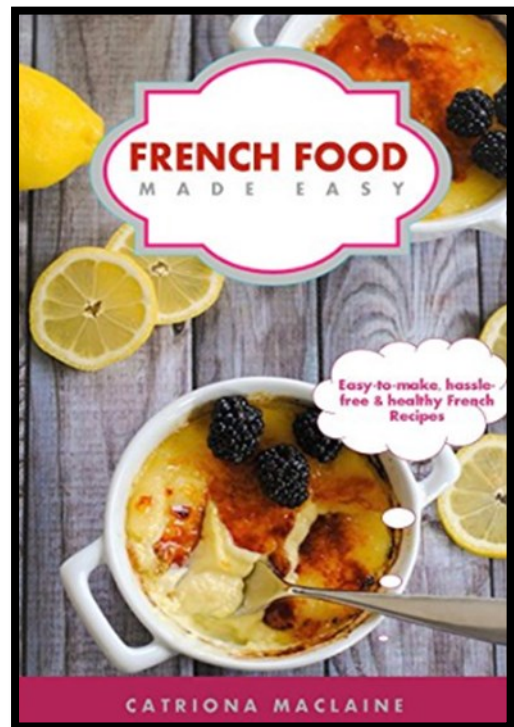
*While her work is colourful, vivid and full of imagery, Breasts, Burlesque and Others is home to an uncharacteristic monochrome image. Maclaine said this work was close to her heart, created from her reaction to the suckling pig cuisine and depicted animals crowding around serving bowls containing infants.*

*"I don't want to offend people but I just want to invoke them to think about what I think about, I cannot censor myself," she said."*

Regarding her particular use of colour; one art critic, Ash Charlton, makes the following pertinent observations:

*"Despite the tremendous repertoire of subjects and viewpoints in Catriona's work, one constant is her unique colour palette, and I would say that it is as a colourist that her true talent lies, despite her innate*

*ability with line. Her palette always gives a strange vision of florescent greens and dark reds, glowing turquoises and purples for shadows, flesh always shading towards a plant-like green. All her paintings are like looking into a world where all the colours are just slightly different to this one: it is a unique and distinctive vision, and when she essays a new subject I am always fascinated to see how her particular colour sense will interpret and illuminate this one."*



*.French Food Made Easy' by Catriona Maclaine*

With regards to Catriona's café ownership and writing we learn from the review of her cookbook:

*"Catriona Maclaine has been a devotee of French food since first travelling to Noumea [New Caledonia] as a teenager. Her recipes in this book reflect this enjoyment but without all the intricacies and fiddling with ingredients that can leave people struggling to successfully recreate authentic French food. As a practicing chef in her own popular café [Le Cafe on St George, East Launceston] Catriona found it hard to find good quality, easy recipes to reproduce on a regular basis. With this in mind, she was determined to provide a book for the time-challenged among us who still want to enjoy beautiful food without being tied to the kitchen for hours. This book will enable you to replicate and fulfill*

*your own passion for French flavours without tearing your hair out. Lovers of classic French dishes will delight in making these much-loved French recipes from French onion soup to creamy Crème Brûlée. You will find traditional French food made with fool-proof recipes so easy to prepare you will jump for joy. You will be able to share typical French food with family and friends without any fuss or drama. You can now create your own French menu plan and learn how the French do it the easy way. Impress everyone with your effortless skill at French cuisine as French meals become your signature. Be assured this book cleverly eliminates any difficult time-consuming problems and gives you simple recipes and step by step guidance to creating beautiful traditional French flavours."*



*Room with a view – Catriona Maclaine at Moy Castle in 2015*

As we have learned, Catriona a.k.a. "Cathie" hails from Launceston in Tasmania. Her parents were Lt. John Donald Maclaine (1918-1978) and Mavis Edith Harvey (1925-2005). As explained in the July, August, September 2017 edition of Hector's Herald, she is therefore descended from the Maclaines of Tasmania who themselves trace their lineage up through Hector Maclaine (1655- ), 3<sup>rd</sup> of Kilmory, Scarba, and beyond to Hector Maclaine (c.1555-c.1614), 8<sup>th</sup> of Lochbuie; the Chief who adapted the spelling of our surname to the phonetic version of "Maclaine".

You can follow Catriona @cattieberry on Twitter.

## Maclaine Grace Mills

*Submitted by: Pat Maclaine*



Maclaine Grace Mills was born on July 26, 2019 at 10:06 pm in Birmingham, AL. She will go by Maclaine! We chose Maclaine because I wanted to use a unique family name and tie in my family heritage. I have fond memories of attending Scottish Highland Games and Festivals with you! I have always loved the name Maclaine and had it at the top of our "name list" when we found out we were expecting. As soon as we met her, we knew she would be the perfect Maclaine! Her middle name, Grace, is my maternal grandmother's middle name as well as mine. Can't wait to dress her in the Maclaine of Lochbuie tartan!



## THEY BURIED HIM DOWN IN PENNYGOWN

*By Neill Maclaine, Clan Genealogist*

In June 1992, whilst driving through the Isle of Mull, I stopped off at Pennygown Cemetery and on the spur of the moment (as one does) photographed as many obvious Maclaine gravestones as possible. The difference between "obvious" and legible proved to be quite another matter as I discovered when I got home and had the pictures developed (does anyone remember that activity?).





*Gillean MacLaine (1724-1788)*

Not for some years after that (1998) did my researches identify Gillean MacLaine (the lawyer who attempted to alter Entails for his own gain) as being one of the natural sons of John MacLaine (1700-1778), 17th of Lochbuie; and not for quite some years after that (2017) did I realise that one of those old photographs gathering dust in the drawer was of his gravestone:



*Gravestone of Gillean MacLaine (1724-1788) at Pennygown Cemetery, Isle of Mull*

I have been struggling to decipher the inscription but the best I have thus far is as follows:

*[BUAIDH] NO BAS*



*Erected to the memory of Gillean MacLaine Esq who departed this life at Scallastle House on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of November 1788 aged 64 years. In 1771 he married Marie daughter of Lachlan McQuarie [16<sup>th</sup>? Chief?] of McQuarie with whom he had six sons and six*

*daughters... [more... (illegible)].*

In contrast, Gillean's spouse, Marie MacQuarie, is commemorated on a large gravestone in Warriston Cemetery, Edinburgh. As time went on her six sons all had such outstanding military careers (more on those in future) that it became inevitable that her passing would be so honoured:



*Gravestone/ Inscription Panel of Marie a.k.a. "Mally" MacLaine (1747-1846) at Warriston Cemetery, Edinburgh*



## *The Way it Was*

*Submitted By: Wilbur McCormick*

Over the next several Newsletters, I will reprint a series of stories about life for a Scottish family in Southern Ohio in the early 20th century.

The family was associated with Clan Farquharson and by marriage to Clan MacLaine of Lochbuie. They lived on a 160a farm in Hamilton Twp., Jackson Co., Ohio, USA.

In addition to farming, the father, Frank, was a school teacher. The mother, Mamie, was a house wife and mother (9 children with the oldest grown before the youngest was born)

The family savings was all lost during the great American depression of the 1920's and 1930's. The family survived better than most because of the produce from the farm, and the small income from Frank's teaching.

By the way, the story teller is Wylodine Bowman McCormick 1921 - 2011. My mother. She and I were both born in that little farm house.

## *The Last Century Stories of the Farm*



*By: Wilbur L. McCormick*

*As told by:*

*Wylodine Bowman McCormick*

### **[1] The Winter Days**

Well let me see, how do I start? Yes, I am almost a century old, but not quite. Some eight and a half decades ago, I was born on a farm in southern Ohio and it has been suggested that our way of life on that farm might be of interest to you "younger" readers, so here goes.

Typical life on the farm in the 1920's was a lot different than it is today. Oh yes, there was snow and ice. Crisp sunny days and those days when it seemed like the sun just didn't bother to come up. There were chores to do and school to attend, but there was no school bus and no one ever heard of a "snow" day.

Our January day started about six o'clock. First person out of bed was my Dad. I can still hear him shaking the ashes from the old stove and the smell of

wood smoke as the first flames caught the oak and hickory carefully placed on the bed of coals left over from the night before. Mother was the next up, and we could all hear her starting breakfast. Fresh biscuits were always part of a country breakfast along with farm cured ham, gravy, fried potatoes and plenty of eggs. As the biscuits baked and the ham sizzled in the skillet, the rest of us faced the cold, and rushed to get dressed.

I was the youngest of nine children, six of which were still at home as I grew up. The boys had a room in which all slept, and the girls had the same arrangement. Remember, the "bathroom" was a "short journey" from the house, and on a cold winters day....well let's just say that there were no long, warm showers to enjoy. It was "get in and out with no time wasted.

We all sat down to eat together, and the younger "kids" often made a game of eating. I remember that all our ham had the skin on, or a rind as we called it, as all our pork was butchered and cured on the farm. We would hide this under our gravy and try to eat all around it without revealing any part. If you could catch a glimpse of another's rind, you got it, and that was considered a major victory.

The school we attended was only one room with grades one through eight in the same building. A single teacher taught all grades and all of the basic subjects. Everyone took their lunch in a tin lunch pail and all drank from a bucket with a shared dipper. We walked the two miles to school even in the snow. If the snow was really deep, Dad would hitch the team to the sled and take us to school, but this was unusual.

While the younger children were in school, the older ones, still at home, plus Dad and Mother did the necessary farm work. Animals were fed and the cows milked. Stalls had to be cleaned and new bedding given to each animal. The cows only stayed in the barn during the coldest or snowiest weather, but the horses spent all the time they were not working in the comfort of their stalls. Dad always took care of his horses, leaving the other livestock to the older boys. Mother and the older girls had a regular weekly schedule in the house. One day to wash, one day to iron, one to bake and so on all week.

Regardless of what other task was scheduled, cook-

ing was a major part of the women's work. For Dad, Mother, and the older children, the noon meal was major, with leftovers being served in the evening. By the way, we called the noon meal dinner and the evening meal was always supper.

When school was dismissed, we again made the walk home. The first order of business was to find a biscuit, sometimes with bacon grease and jelly, for a snack, and change to our work clothes. Next came time for our regular chores. My job was to gather the eggs, feed the chickens and see that they had ice free water. It was also my task to see that they were all safe in the hen house before dark each evening. When that job was finished, I could stay out and play till supper. I used to love to walk along the frozen creek and draw pictures in the snow on the bank to illustrate stories I would make up. Remember, there was no TV or video games in those days. We did have a battery operated radio, but Dad used it to hear the news and weather.

After supper it was time to do homework, if we had any, or play games. I remember that we loved to play board games, most of which had been copied onto cardboard by some of the older children. Dad and Mother joined in as the whole family played together. The winter darkness was illuminated by coal oil lamps and it cost almost a dime per gallon so we didn't stay up too late, about 8:00 o'clock at the latest.

Winter bed time meant first heating the bases of the flat iron on the stove, and wrapping them in paper. These were taken up stairs to our straw tick beds and tucked under the blankets to warm our feet. How we kept from setting the bed on fire is more than I know. Anyway, we were quick to undress and get into our long flannel night gowns. The boys just went to bed in their "long johns". In the winter, the lucky ones were the ones who shared a bed with another, as more body heat warmed the bed even faster. This is not to say we didn't sleep in comfort. Several quilted blankets above, flannel sheets, and a thick straw tick gave good insulation from the cold and made a cozy place for a long winters night.

Dad and Mother had it a little better, as they slept in the room with the stove, and they had a somewhat cozier tick stuffed with feathers. I guess that was the advantage of being the Dad and Mother. The

disadvantage, however, we young folks knew, was that they would have to be first to face a cold morning when daylight again reached our little Ohio Valley farm.

## [2] Spring Events

Winter, with its long nights and short days seemed like it would never end. True, much of the hard work on the farm was reduced to a few daily chores, but it was also the time when we made the daily trek to the schoolhouse. Snow, ice, wind, or rain would not close the doors so we all began to look forward to the days when the boys and men of the community starting thinking about spring farm work more than school.

As January turned to February, we all started to look forward to the warmer days of spring, and started counting the days. Ground Hog Day was always a sign that winter was ending. It was hard to concentrate on studies on that day. Everyone kept watch for the sun to show its face and thus signal another six weeks of winter weather. Little did we know, or want to believe, that there would be six weeks more of cold weather whether that dumb "pig" saw his shadow or not.

Valentine's Day was the next interlude to the gray days of winter. In recent years it has become the custom to give cards to everyone in the class. Wouldn't want to be politically incorrect and let someone think they weren't liked. We didn't think that way in the 1930's. In the first place we had to make our own cards, and materials were not plentiful in a family with as many children as ours. We usually made four of five at the most, and gave them to just our best friends, or at least to those we would like to have as "best" friends. These were placed in a decorated box to wait till studies were over, then the teacher would pass them out to those special folks. The boys could get all bent out of shape if someone dared to send a valentine to a girl they considered "their girl".

This competition among the boys lead to the first social event of most springs seasons. Most of the boys were needed on the farms as soon as the weather was such that they could start plowing, so school never lasted till more than the first of April. Before this happened, there would always be a spring "pie" social at the school.. Although it was held at the

school, most of the single girls and young women in the community took part.

On a given evening, the girls and single women would bake their best pie. This was placed in a box that was decorated special for the occasion. These were taken to the school where an auction was held to benefit the school. The boy who bought a girl's pie had the privilege to eating it with her, so the idea was to buy the pie baked by your girlfriend. The boxes were not to be marked and some of the girls would go to great pains to keep ownership secret. Secrets often got out, and the bidding for a popular girl's pie could get rather spirited. Some would bring as much as five dollars at a time when that represented several days wages. Needless to say, there were hard feelings on occasion and it was not unusual for these to be settled "out behind the school" before the evening was over. The older men were generally more "civilized" about the bidding, as they realized the money was going for a good cause. Often an unlucky bidder who lost his best girl's pie was asked to join the winner and the young lady in eating the pie, and the high bidder was forgiven. That is as long as he didn't try to drive the lady home after the social was over.

In a farming community like ours, spring brought work fast and furious as soon as the "April showers ended and the ground dried to a point that plowing was possible. The older boys were needed at home to work, so attendance dropped dramatically. Some schools, like ours, had a farmer as the teacher so the farm work had to come first. We students liked this, because it meant that summer vacation would start early. This was up to the discretion of the teacher in those days so as the winter weather turned into work weather the vacation had a way of starting without warning.

On the farm, we kept our own seeds from year to year, because even a few cents was a good bit of money in the early 30's, so by the time school was out, Mother would have the boys fill a couple of old dish pans with garden soil that had been enhanced from the floor of the chicken house; if you get my drift. She placed these near the south window of the kitchen, and carefully planted the seeds she had collected and dried the summer before and kept through the winter. Here they would grow under her watchful eye until they were large enough for us girls to

transplant them into a bed outside, by the garden fence.

During this same time, Dad would do the same in some small boxes he kept in the "buggy shed". The difference was that instead of starting plants to later become part of the garden, he was testing seed corn etc. to be sure it would germinate to raise a new crop. If his results were not satisfactory, that meant spending hard earned cash on new seed. Not good in the great depression days.



## *News From The Past*

*Submitted By: Barry Hartman*

### **Newspaper Clipping – 1850-1879**

22 February 1851 (and also into March in other publications) *London Evening Standard*: To Let – Completely Furnished, desirable residence, with grouse and deer shooting, and fishing, in the island of Mull, The Mansion House of Lochbuy, a modern and substantial building, , possessing every accommodation required for the comfort and convenience of a large family. It contains dining room, drawing room, parlour, small library or business room, ten bedrooms, exclusive of dressing rooms and attics, with gun room, housekeepers room, laundry, butler's pantry, and ample servant's accommodation. The house is well supplied with water, has three bathrooms, with hot, cold, and shower baths and water closets &c. There are also a coach house, stable, harness room, dog kennel, &c. The house is beautifully situated at the head of Lochbuy, which affords a constant supply of the finest white fish of every description, and country produce of every kind is abundant and reasonable, the tenants being bound to supply the tenant of the mansion house at a fixed price. A trout stream passes close by the house, and there is a lake within a half mile. There are besides, several other trout lakes on the property. The shooting extends over about 20,000 acres, and for some years has been very strictly preserved. Besides red deer, the hills are well stocked with ptarmigan, grouse, black game, hares, ducks, and other varieties of game. Pheasants and partridges have lately



been introduced.

The garden is extensive, and well stocked with fruit trees. It is early, and produces excellent vegetables.

A tenant may be accommodated with any quantity of land which may be required. He can also have the Right of Fishing for Salmon with nets, attached to Lochbuy.

There is a Post three times a week to Mull; and steam-packets are constantly passing and repassing.

Upon the whole, with reference to the excellence and extent of accommodation, the beauty of the scenery, and its many other advantages, it may justly be said that such an opportunity of possessing a delightful Sporting and Family Residence very rarely occurs.

Offers will be received and all further information will be given by Messrs. Shand & Farquhar, W.S., 24 Queen Street, Edinburgh, or by Angus Gregorson, writer in Oban.

~~~~~  
**31 August 1855 *Glasgow Herald*:** "A portion of the Estate of Lochbuy, Argyllshire, was on Tuesday last exposed to sale...and purchased by Donald MacLaine, Esq. of the house of Messrs. MacLaine, Watson & Co., of Java, the lineal representative of the family. The remainder of the estate we understand pass to Mr. MacLaine by inheritance."

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**02 November 1855 *Glasgow Herald*:** "Rejoicing at Lochbuy, Island of Mull – On Friday last, the 25<sup>th</sup> current, being the first anniversary of the birthday of Donald MacLaine, Esq., since he purchased back the ancient family estate. Mr. MacLaine entertained at dinner a large company of his relations and friends at Lochbuy House; and in a ball room, fitted up and decorated for the occasion, the whole of his numerous tenancy and dependants sat down to a most substantial dinner. Both in the mansion house and ball room the health of the Laird of Lochbuy was drunk with Highland honours, amid the roar of cannon from the castle, the ancient residence of his ancestors. In the evening, dancing was kept up for a considerable time to the stirring strains of the pibroch. It was, in these days of change, a most gratifying and cheering sight to see a Highland Chief, the rep-

resentative of one of the oldest Highland families, with his amiable lady and children, surrounded by many relatives and an interesting tenantry, and that after a long absence in India, for which country Lochbuy left his home at an early age."

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**26 June 1869 *Oban Times*, and *Argyllshire Advertiser*:** "Craignure – Last Thursday being the marriage day of Murdoch G. MacLaine, Esq. of Lochbuy, the Craignure Section of the 9<sup>th</sup> A.V.A. assembled at their parade ground, preceded by the piper of the section, marched to the Scalastle portion of the Lochbuy Estate, where they fired a volley, and gave three hearty cheers in token of their respect and esteem for the young Laird of Lochbuy. Mrs. MacLaine, Java Lodge, with characteristic liberality, handsomely treated the men, thereby giving them an opportunity (of which they were by no means slow to avail themselves) of wishing long life and happiness to the newly-married pair. Mr. Macphail, Scalastle, who is a member of the Craignure section of the 9<sup>th</sup> A.V.A. treated his fellow volunteers to another round or two of the "mountain dew"; after partaking of which they gave another hearty round of cheers for Mrs. MacLaine of Java Lodge, and then dismissed, highly satisfied."

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**03 July 1869 *Oban Times*, and *Argyllshire Advertiser*:** "Rejoicings at Lochbuy - The arrival of Lochbuy and his bride on Wednesday was the occasion of an assemblage of the tenantry on the estate to give the young laird and his lady a cordial welcome to his ancestral home. On the steamer entering the bay of Lochbuy, they were received by a salute from the Lochbuy section of the Mull Artillery Volunteers under the command of Lieutenant McPhail, and the booming of the cannon, owing to the surrounding echoes, had a grand effect. On their landing, the young pair were received by a round of cheers from the tenantry who, in their enthusiasm, drew the boat with the young couple in it from the landing place to the gate at the Castle. There they were met by a young girl dressed in white, who presented Mrs. MacLaine with a bouquet of flowers. They then proceeded to the mansion house, headed by a piper, and escorted by the tenants, passing through three triumphal arches. On the way, they

were met by Mrs. Schwabe, the bride's mother, the dowager Mrs. Maclaine of Lochbuy, the Misses Maclaine, Mrs. Gregorson, and the Rev. Mr. Clerk, of Torosay, and at the door the Volunteers were drawn up in line, and presented arms.

Lochbuy then, addressing the tenants, thanked them for the enthusiastic reception they had given him and his wife, and said that no efforts would be wanting on his part to perform his duties as a resident landlord in a proper manner. Turning to the Volunteers he thanked them also, stated that he had been a soldier, but had retired from that service to reside on his estate, but though he had withdrawn from that service, he hoped soon to be a volunteer. He then invited all to dinner, which was laid out in a tastefully decorated hall. Mr. Gregorson, factor of the estate, officiated as chairman, supported on the right by Rev. D. Clerk, and on the left by Lieutenant. McPhail and Mr. Macnicol, Garmony, and Mr. Donald Currie, Craignure, acted as croupiers. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, Mr. Macnicol proposed Lochbuy's health, and stated that from what he knew of him, he had a deep conviction that he would perform his duties as an intelligent as well as considerate and kind landlord. The toast was received in the most enthusiastic manner' and thereafter the Chairman responded, among other things remarking that the mottoes now hanging on the walls were emblematic of the spirit which actuated Lochbuy on taking his place among them; and that the handsome vase on the table before him testified to the good feeling towards him and his lady on the part of the tenants. The vase was a very handsome silver jug presented to Mrs. Maclaine on their marriage. It bore the crest and the following inscription – "Presented to Murdoch Gillian Maclaine, Laird of Lochbuy, and Mrs. Maclaine, on the auspicious occasion of their marriage, by an attached tenantry. 19<sup>th</sup> June 1869." After the toast, the jug was passed round the table, and each guest pledged the health of the young pair out of it. The chairman then proposed the health of Mrs. Maclaine of Lochbuy, and those other members of the family, were all proposed and enthusiastically received. Thereafter Lochbuy entered the hall, accompanied by Mrs. Maclaine and ladies of the party, and in a feeling and appropriate manner proposed the health of the tenantry of the Lochbuy estate. And hoped they would

long be spared to act cordially together, and that they would have many opportunities of happy meetings in the future. After the dinner the wives and daughters were served with a substantial tea which had been provided for them; and afterwards the assemblage adjourned to the hall-room, where they were joined by Lochbuy and Mrs. Maclaine, and the other ladies from the mansion-house. The ball was opened by Lochbuy and Mrs. Macleod, Cameron, and Mrs. Maclaine and Mr. Archibald Macphail, Scalastle. The dancing was kept up with great spirit 'til about five o'clock in the morning. – About ten o'clock at night a bonfire was lighted, accompanied with fireworks, which had a fine effect."



## *Lochbuie's Choir*

*Of the*

*USA*



*Christmas Concert*

*2019*

**~Hear Ye, Hear Ye!~**

**Deadline for submissions for the**

**December Newsletter.**

**12-10-2019**

### Clan MacLaine of Lochbuie

### Chief's Council

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